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JUSTICE TO "BUCK."

P A P E R S

CONTAINING SEVERAL REASONS

WHY

JAMES [BUCHANAN]

SHOULD RECEIVE THE

DISTINGUISHED CONSIDERATION

OF THE

PEOPLE.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM WELL.

PAPER THE FIRST.

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May 13 1857

JUSTICE TO "BUCK."

ALIAS,

JAMES BUCHANAN, ESQ.

Of all the very great men whose illustrious names adorn the annals of the world, the writer knows of none who has made so many and such great complaints against the injustice of his fellow-citizens, as JAMES BUCHANAN; and of all the terrible annoyances to which his friends were continually exposed, none was so irritating as their repeated failures to have justice done him. They saw such numerous and such marvellous things in him, that, whilst they were transported with admiration, they could not avoid letting slip their deep and fervent curses against those poor, stupid devils, who stubbornly refused to see as they saw, shout as they shouted, or worship as they worshipped.

Now, the humble writer of this paper, which, it is to be hoped, may be followed by others equally worthy of general perusal, here unreservedly declares, as well for the good of this great man as for the comfort of his perplexed friends, that he is the very man for their purpose—being able, from many great things that he saw, and many more that he has upon unquestionable authority, to do Mr. Buchanan that justice which he so greatly merits, and for which so many calls have gone forth in vain. This justice shall be done him freely and generally by setting forth, in a few papers, some good and substantial REASONS why he should receive the distinguished consideration of the people. Without further ado, then, the first of these REASONS shall be immediately given; and after it shall have been carefully perused and reflected upon by the reader, it will no doubt receive what his good sense may think it deserves.

FIRST: Mr. Buchanan is eminently entitled to extraordinary public consideration, because he is a man of extraordinary perseverance.

Perseverance deserves success: so the whole world has declared long ago, and it must stick to it now. If true, then, surely, in a life so full of effort, and withal so excessively cautious that his every action was based upon that very liberal and good Christian maxim that "charity begins at home,"—a maxim which has made him one of the best possible Christians to himself,—it should be much more especially exemplified. That he is really a man of such great and tenacious energy should long since have been universally acknowledged; but if this fact, like other of his great merits, through that unaccountable injustice of the fickle people, has frequently been overlooked, his ardor was by no means lessened by such neglect. From the first, he saw a specific object, and he has sighted it with a clear vision for so many years, that the closing of one eye, as is frequently the characteristic acquisition of the old hunter, has become a distinguished habit with him—a habit that may have enabled him to act with that precision and caution that always indicate the good marksman. Indeed, he became a persevering, untiring hunter—none of your common, indolent jacks, who will leisurely trudge into a ten acre field, and because the game refuses to come and say "shoot me," throw down their instruments with a curse, and retire; but a genuine and worthy fellow of the chase, who could not only hunt all the long day, but who, with "one eye significantly cocked," could patiently sit behind an old stump or huge tree for hours together until the unwary game was bagged, and who, however often he chanced to miss fire, never abandoned the field! Like every "expert," he had wisely studied the great virtues of cunning and retreat with good care, judiciously concluding them more essential than that of attack; and thus, if it was dangerous to stand at the front of a great issue, why, he prudently got behind it; and if that would not do, he was not too indolent to travel around it again and again, knowing well that time never fails to point out the true policy and road to popular favor, or that death was a common leveller, and that great issues, like great men, had some day to die of themselves, when they could be spoken of with more safety and without giving offence! All this brings out more prominently his great element of perseverance; for, with the constant clamor of the people, who will always, instead of attending to their own business, be asking how stands this man, and on what side of the question is that one, it will

readily be seen that it is no such very easy matter securely to come trudging on behind an issue or safely to travel around it. Your common men can never accomplish this, wanting the proper energy, and instead of encountering such immense difficulties to maintain their equilibrium, generally try to make short work of a dangerous question, as did Mr. Dallas in reference to the Tariff, and in the end find themselves sprawling upon their backs as a very proper reward for their rashness!

Well, Mr. Buchanan "cocked his eye" upon an object, and it engrossed his thoughts, his time, and his efforts; for many years regulated his opinions and shaped his conduct, adapting them to emergencies, and finally won for him the universal reputation of being regarded as a *standing candidate for the Presidency*. No man, either in the history of this great Republic or in the annals of any other, ever attained to such wonderful eminence, because none ever possessed in so astonishing a degree the faculty of so permanently pursuing a specific object. Clay was once or twice seriously thought of, Webster was occasionally barely spoken of, and others were sometimes mentioned in connection with the Presidency, but in a few years totally abandoned. These names were always used like those of common mortals, but with that of James Buchanan it was for otherwise; for, whilst it ever haunted the minds of his friends, grandly embellishing their thoughts and magnificently beatifying their imaginations, it became so associated with the Presidency, that none could speak of that office without something, as if spiritual, reminding him, in words that seemed to come directly and eloquently from the persevering aspirant himself—"I, James Buchanan, am always at the service of the country—RENDER ME JUSTICE!"

It will no doubt be easily perceived, that had he been an indolent and careless man, and quietly taken his seat at home, so close an association with the office could never have taken place. For this remarkable achievement he is indebted to that perseverance which has for so many years characterized him, and which has never, for a moment, abandoned the hunt for the Presidency. He knew full well that men will always become accustomed to those things which at first they could not even tolerate, and that this is especially true with names. For instance, we read of fathers who for months and years growled at the ill christening of their sons, but the names gradually became familiar, and ceased to be an annoyance. It is so with everything, and the mass of mankind can even be induced to tolerate a nuisance through this great influence of as-

sociation: It was this commendable conviction that added vigor to his efforts, and to it the people are indebted for having his name sounded into their ears for so many years, under the well founded hope that when they once became accustomed to it, they would clearly see that in no way could they do justice to him but by elevating him to the post with which it was always associated.

The programme thus sketched out and defined, who can now, that the performance is about to conclude, fully appreciate its immensity? Ordinary men would have recoiled in despair at the mere contemplation of the labor it involved, and would even have found an excuse for their want of genius and perseverance in the conclusion, that the result, though successful, would not account for the pains. Others with a little more patriotism, though they would have looked upon the end to be attained as very desirable, would have resignedly consoled themselves with the reflection that "the office should seek the man, and not the man the office." True, this is a very old saying, and no doubt held good several generations ago, but the superior wisdom of Mr. Buchanan soon penetrated its folly. Though he may have entertained some little respect for the opinions once expressed in reference to it by the old fathers of the Republic, he saw very clearly that, should he permit it to exercise any special influence over him, it might forever doom him to retirement. He was, therefore, not to be fettered by it, and the facility with which he has been able, all his great life long, to cast aside whatever threatened to shackle him, soon made short work of this stupid piece of folly which has been left to us as a laughable legacy of our ancestors. "*Seek and ye shall find*," is the good Christian recommendation, and all that contradicts it, however rational it may appear to ordinary minds, is false and foolish; and knowing this to be so, a saying that would have caused him to sit calmly down and await the coming of an extremely doubtful event, could not maintain caste with his better reason for a moment's time. In kicking it aside, however, and advising it to take shelter in the old and cast-off clothes of the past generations that gave it birth, as if to exhibit to posterity that amid all their greatness they were not entirely free from stupidity and folly, it is not to be imagined that the field for his enterprise was the least narrowed. On the contrary, this foolish saying was a relic of the past, and relics of this kind, however whimsical, ludicrous, or barbarous they may be, not unfrequently take fast hold of the minds of the people. To eradicate or overcome it, was no easy matter, but the

stupendous labor was undertaken, and by keeping, with the most extraordinary perseverance, his name associated with the Presidency for many long and tedious years, he absolutely succeeded so far as he was personally concerned; and thus he achieved a victory rendering his name forever illustrious, whilst it likewise forms a standard of perseverance for the study of all future patriots. For this achievement alone, he deserves our candid consideration; and if, in these dull and unpatriotic times, he should deservedly become the grand instrument of inciting the present indolent generation to similar efforts to serve the public—to equally persistent perseverance to obtain position wherein they might wisely and patriotically manage the affairs of the country—how could we sufficiently exhibit our obligations, or justly proclaim his praises? He has, in this alone, set us an example far superior to any recorded in the eventful history of this mighty Republic; and that posterity, as well as those indolent patriots and lazy American sovereigns who now lounge about in pleasant retreats, waiting to be called to the public service, may the more clearly understand and the better appreciate this glorious example, the manner of his sagacious procedure shall at once be defined—premising only that it will be found to embody a wisdom the like of which has never been heard of, but which, it is to be hoped, will find many future imitations.

In this, our magnificent and venerated country, the greatest of all agencies to promote personal aims, is the PRESS. The Lord have a pitying eye upon the poor wretch who has not its favor, for with this powerful and magic engine continually battering against him and his undertakings, his own merits, however great and surprising they may be, are but as a small feather before a hurling tornado! This PRESS, whether for the good of the country or to its injury the writer is not prepared here to express an opinion, has generally been in the hands of a very clever and a very good natured race of modern Christians, who had "picked themselves up" at various uncongenial places into which their ill destiny had forced them. That ill destiny has nearly always been too closely attached to them to abandon them upon their entrance into the corpse editorial, and having, therefore, generally made the disagreeable discovery that editing for money was a pleasant vision to dream about, but a matter not to be seriously attempted, they have not unfrequently very magnanimously determined to *edit for mere fun*! Mr. Buchanan, thanks to his great penetration, was not without seeing this, and many a poor fellow, many years ago,

sadly in want of a paragraph to fill a page, could readily be induced to give a puff for "Mr. Buchanan and the Presidency," perhaps at the same time presuming that he was perpetrating a joke that might add somewhat to the interest of his columns. No matter, the reader could not get behind the screen, and would, therefore, often consider these puffs as downright earnest, and Mr. Buchanan had the satisfaction of keeping his name before the public. These puffs were easily procured and each one contributed its share to what went to make up the whole. One editor, not to be outdone by the generosity of the other, now and then "gave him a lift;" and if it could not be obtained through such noble generosity, a few "ten cents" never failed to secure a few lines. These things at first were but a mere zephyr, as Mr. Buchanan well knew, but he had the tact and the enterprise to fan it; and so, whilst his name and the Presidency were a nice theme for these generous souled editors to play with, he kept his eye firmly cocked upon the office, and blandly smiled. He was paving the way with commendable discretion, for he knew full well that to come down flat-footed upon the people will not always do. They are often stubborn, and he, more than any man, knew this, and therefore he let himself upon them gracefully, and as became a man of his understanding.

In this manner matters progressed until that little zephyr was worked into a pleasant breeze, when a new idea seized him. This pleasant breeze was to be converted into something of more consequence, as he had contemplated from the beginning, but this had to be done with great caution. A clout over the head at the beginning is always worse than fifty thrusts afterwards, as many a poor devil can testify from sad experience. Mr. Buchanan, like a wise and judicious man, profitted by the experience of others, and was not disposed to have his prospects killed forever and he laid on the shelf at his first effort. To avoid so disagreeable a catastrophe was the purport of his new idea, which inaugurated a policy that deserves to be recommended to all worthy aspirants. The experienced traveller, when he reaches a point upon the highway which rumor pronounces dangerous, will, rather than hazard his all, travel around it; and Mr. Buchanan's new idea, suggested by this reflection, embraced equal wisdom, and contemplated a pleasant excursion around the Democracy! In following out this most ingenious idea, whilst he avoided the dangers of a collision and averted every possibility of getting a clout over his head, he likewise made the party father the most wonderful sayings concerning him! That this

grand idea, and the manner in which it was carried into effect, may not be lost to posterity, and one testimony entitling him to perpetual remembrance fade away, it shall be here briefly sketched.

In the year of 1843, after the papers had played with his name for a long time, and when he had wheeled some of them directly into his interest, together with a few friends, who, whilst they had nothing to lose, judiciously concluded that something might be gained, by the grand stroke of policy contemplated in his new idea, he completely outwitted the glorious Democracy, wary as it is supposed to be. As the best means of placing his name before the people, and as the first great demonstration towards the object upon which he had cocked his eye, he had a call issued for a grand "*Buchanan Convention*,"—none of your petty meetings that sometimes crowd into a spare corner of some public house, to the gratification of the landlord and the admiration of a few spectators, but a full-blooded, and if not full-grown, at least full-winded *State Convention*! It was an assemblage to which none were invited but his friends—wisely excluding all who might have entertained hostile feelings. It is true, many democrats growled at this mode of procedure, but this only proves more conclusively the wisdom that kept them out of the place wherein their growls might have disturbed the harmony of the proceedings. A general call upon the Democracy—the manner in which *State conventions* had always before that time been assembled—would have invited all of that party, and opened the doors to these turbulent and unruly growlers, and thus that worthy Convention might have been made to say quite different things from those he had contemplated should be said; but a call upon his friends alone included such only as were reliable and who would endorse what he designed. This was the consummation of his idea, and the more it will be reflected upon the wiser it will appear; and yet, in spite of this apparent wisdom, some have absolutely been so unfair and so unjust as to withhold from him the praise he merits for its contrivance and invention!

Although many acknowledged that this course exhibited a policy and shrewdness superior to anything that, before that time, adorned the biography of any aspirant for the Presidency, its real wisdom only came to light afterwards. The Convention met at Harrisburg, and harmoniously performed what was expected of it. It gave birth to a mighty paper, which was soon found floating amongst the people under the common name of "*An Address*," the burthen of which was James Buchanan—

and certainly a heavier burthen could by no means have been selected. That body, however, had been convened for a grand undertaking; it contained some very choice spirits, and it would have been a disgrace to these had they undertaken merely a trifle. They were made up of excellent and worthy mettle, and wanted a heavy load—that load was before them, and through that magnificent "Address," they shouldered it like men! Well, the "Address" went forth—some liked it, some swore at it, some laughed at it, and some found it very convenient for lighting old stumps of cigars and other purposes that showed how even the greatest labors and the grandest productions of men may be converted to base and dishonorable uses. No matter whatever—the end was accomplished, and ever thereafter that worthy "Address" was used as an efficient instrument in his favor, and is even to this day quoted as a conclusive proof of the early preference of the *Pennsylvania Democracy*! No matter how that expression of sentiment was obtained,—no matter how many counties, under the wisdom and shrewdness of the call for the Convention, could not be represented—no matter how large the number of democrats who, for the same reason, had no lot nor part in the proceedings,—*it was upon paper* and not easily erased or explained away! Mr. Buchanan had thus, by his judicious policy, completely out-witted the party; or, in other words, which more clearly indicate his superiority, he had first completely travelled around it by that cunning call upon his friends, and then, by a shrewdness that must elicit the admiration of all, made it father his own words by sending forth that "Address," as if stamped with the approval of the entire Democracy! What other great patriot, in his anxiety to serve his fellows, has ever accomplished an aim like this? Nonsense—your petty aspirants have not yet learned their A-B-C's, and are mere children by the side of this great man, who has shown, by this stroke of incomparable policy alone, what great things he was capable of doing! He convicted the whole party of saying what it never said, placed the conviction upon record, and however terrible it may sometimes have struggled to place itself right once more, it never fairly succeeded; but lest the writer should be carried away by his admiration of this magnificent achievement, and sing songs of praise in commemoration of it to the neglect of other weighty matters, he shall at once commence another paragraph. It is only by so doing that he can crowd together those things which shall render justice to a man who has always complained of injustice, and who, above all others known, in consideration of his many

and great deeds, deserves to be fairly and justly presented to the people.

Well, this politic demonstration, so admirably adapted to the purposes contemplated, was soon to be followed by a similar one on the part of the Democracy itself. The time for a Presidential nomination approaching, that party was actively entering the field with its enterprising and worthy bands, and announcements were rapidly issued by the various counties calling their primary meetings. It was in the midst of this stir in the party, whilst his friends, as in honor bound, were loud in his favor, everywhere and upon all occasions pointing to that "Address" as the grand and unerring test of the popular pulse of the Pennsylvania Democracy, that we were favored with another beautiful exhibition of his superior wisdom—perhaps only inferior to that last noted. Seeing that the party, true to that evil and unaccountable spirit that had always caused it to persist in doing him injustice, was about totally to disregard the convincing and powerful "Address" through which his own Convention had shouldered him in so manful a manner, he proceeded to indite a polite and statesman-like letter, in which, after evincing how loath he was to disappoint the people who were disposed "to buckle fortune on his back," he withdrew from the contest! Now, this seemed indeed unselfish, and were it not that we are here presented with the fact that the party of the State was going pel-mell for Van Buren, it might have been looked upon as one of those odd occurrences which sometimes exhibit to us that the greatest of men are not exempt from moments of dullness, in which they had much better sleep than write for the public eye. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, by which alone his withdrawal can be properly judged, it gave but another evidence of his great tact; for, apprehending the bearish disposition of the Convention about to convene, he sagely determined not to be torn to tatters as its victim! What other great man would have acted with like discretion! *Ten cents to one*, any other, in his situation, would have blundered right into the garden of the bears, as if praying to be devoured; but he, praise be given him for it, was far too wise to commit an error like this. By his timely and civil withdrawal, he set the Democracy, predetermined to do him the great injustice of not shouldering him as his friends had done, quite aback; and thus its malignant ferocity was saved from adding another sin to the many which it has incurred by its neglect of this great patriot. When, therefore, the Democratic State Convention met in 1844, it had nothing to do but to indicate its choice of Van Buren, whilst Mr. Buchanan rubbed his hands and

smiled again at his own shrewdness that had placed him so signally beyond its daggers. What mattered it whether he was the nominee just precisely at that time—he could serve the country equally well four years thereafter! He had the nerve to come forward whenever he pleased, and confidence in his own ability to dodge whenever necessary. These were merits of the possession of which he was perfectly aware; so he kept his "eye cocked" upon the Presidency, and like a judicious general, devised plans for the next campaign.

The great trouble in men's lives, as has already been intimated, always lies in making a beginning. True, some queer fellows, in spite of their great folly, are virtually born to luck, and therefore find no more trouble in securing a start than in maintaining it; but this was not the case with him, nor did he grumble at it. He went vigorously to work to turn up luck with his own hands, and all that he ever attained was attained through his own virtues—by "cocking his eye" upon an object, and never giving up its pursuit. The greatest labor towards the object of his life was now over—he had made a beginning which every eye could behold, and though the party had done him the great injustice of *making him retire voluntarily*, it could not carry its wrath so far as to deprive him of commencing where he had left off. He had still his friends to talk for him, his presses to publish, his "eye to cock," and his chances four years thereafter. The shrewdness that caused him to withdraw, also made him enter upon the great work with greater energy. Though the party would not take him upon its shoulders in 1844, he was determined to place himself there in due time: and thus the people, for their better enlightenment, received constant installments of information concerning his greatness through his worthy and industrious presses. These were administered with the care that always characterized this great man—not in such enormous doses as would surfeit, (as would have been done by one less skilful,) but in morsels that were regularly guaged to the popular man; and in this manner the people were gradually prepared to endure the tremendous doses with which they were afterwards plied! Thus, in 1847, they swallowed, as a mere matter of course, much more than they could possibly have digested in 1844, and infinitely more than they ever swallowed before concerning any man. What greater shrewdness could possibly be conceived by our weak minds—what grander device can be pointed out in the biography of any great man that ever lived—than is presented in his thus skilfully preparing, during the short interval between 1844 and 1847, the minds of the

people for the reception of what he had contemplated? and who can refrain, when pondering upon these things from freely expressing his praise, and cheerfully giving vent to his admiration, of the wisdom, and skill, and perseverance, that adorn the life of this wonderful man?

After this skilful preparation of the public mind, he was more vigorous in 1847, than ever before, and in again seizing hold of and rolling his own ball, he gave a still greater example for imitation. He remained true to the wisdom that had marked his beginning. Your ordinary men are too often cursed with a spirit of improvement that not unfrequently ruins all they undertake. Not so with him—he knows when to improve his policy, and when to let well enough alone. He had travelled around the Democracy once and then made it father his own words, and approving of this policy, the wisdom of which has been set forth already for the reader's admiration, he was not disposed to abandon it for anything less secure. He therefore continued to pursue it, and soon the different localities of the State were flooded with huge bills for "*Buchanan Meetings*," each promising the grandest displays of Buchananism ever witnessed! He was this, and he was that—in truth, if ever any man proved most signally that he was the very man for the times, for the people, for the Democracy, and that he would serve the country as it had a right to expect to be served by its Chief officer, that man was James Buchanan! Meeting after meeting was held—Buchanan was endorsed here, and endorsed there, and endorsed everywhere—always by his especial friends; but what mattered this, provided he could make the Democracy father these endorsements? His presses were daily filled with proceedings, preambles, resolutions, and addresses, and his name, through that great perseverance for which he deserves immortal honor, was, *nolens volens*, forced into everybody's mouth! It is true, some unruly and turbulent fellows, the like of whom are to be found infesting every community, would sometimes enter these "*Buchanan Meetings*," in spite of the fact that none but his friends were invited, foolishly presuming that because they were Democrats they had a right so to do; but the wisdom that had dictated these special gatherings, had likewise provided against such intrusions. Whenever any of these turbulent fellows entered these meetings and opened his batteries against Mr. Buchanan, basing his right so to do upon the ground before mentioned, all that was required was to run a call by which the assemblage had been convened under his impudent nose, which soon informed him that he had got into the wrong pew; and if that did not suffice, he was speedily "turn

ed out of meeting"—not always with diplomatic politeness either, for the writer himself knows several instances where these unruly enemies of Mr. Buchanan carried away with their restless carcasses, very beautiful black eyes and bloody noses, as a just reward for their presumption in stepping in between him and the object upon which he had "cocked his eye" so resolutely! These presumptuous Democrats, however, to find a consoling panacea for their black eyes and bloody noses, had only to read the magniloquent proceedings of those very meetings in which justice had been so impartially meted out to them; for these were always published as grand and glorious expressions of Democratic sentiment and feeling, wisely creating and enforcing the impression that the entire Democracy had participated therein! Glory be to the genius that devised this worthy policy, and may he who imitates it hereafter be overloaded with public honors!

Influenced by that unaccountable spirit of injustice towards Mr. Buchanan, of which he has so often had just cause to complain, and which the writer has thus far most completely exposed for the reader's condemnation, these unruly Democrats foolishly presuming, with their want of tact and lack of money, to do battle with this great general, went industriously to work, and almost daily posted bills for "*Democratic Meetings*"—thinking thus to avoid the paternity of Mr. Buchanan's proceedings. In this, as was anticipated, they met with many disappointments; but not satisfied with this impudent piece of injustice, they even went so far, at these Democratic gatherings, as to express sentiments in favor of Geo. M. Dallas, who, though he would no doubt have willingly served the people as their President, would not even do them the honor of telling them so, and lacked the quality of perseverance in so horrible a degree that he rather avoided than entered the battle. In thus bringing out Mr. Dallas to stand in the way of Mr. Buchanan, and calling meeting after meeting in which sentiments in favor of the former were expressed, whilst it in no way lessened the efforts or diminished the firmness with which the latter pursued his own course, it only fastened upon these turbulent fellows the more strongly that inveterate spirit of injustice by which they were animated.

In this manner the battle raged between Mr. Buchanan and the Democracy up to the time of holding the delegate elections, growing fiercer as that time grew nearer. In these elections, wherein the preference of the party was to be designated, both parties entered—the former proudly pointing to the wishes expressed by the Democracy at their numerous

"*Buchanan Meetings*," whilst the latter denounced these expressions as nothing but the pitiable thunder manufactured by a few of Buchanan's employees, and as a libel upon the party! Well, the delegate elections came, and amid great fighting and howling passed over—then came the county Conventions and the final result was, that the great Democratic party, through its belligerent representatives, met in grand State Convention at Harrisburg, in 1848; and in this theatre of its enterprise, by a species of wickedness almost too horrible to contemplate, so damned this great and persevering man with faint and questionable praise, that its laudations constituted the very worst clout over his head that he had ever received! One thing, however, he had accomplished—he had *disturbed* the harmony of the party and *entirely broken up* the harmony of that Convention. He had proudly achieved this great work, and, as a consequence, it was astonishing to see how, amid the confusion that prevailed, every great issue that was raised, and everything that he more especially desired, was rudely and boisterously carried against him, in consideration of hypocritically giving him Pennsylvania's preference as the next candidate. Whilst pretending kindness, that Convention so exhibited this pretence, as to made it indicate quite the reverse; and the proceedings to further his aspirations, presented a satirical face that provoked many a grimace on the countenances of his friends and caused many a pleased chuckle on the part of the Democracy, whilst those less interested, who possessed the least appreciation of the ludicrous, looked upon the whole thing as a farce unequalled in the history of the party. True, the State delegates to the National Convention were instructed in his favor, but then each one of these had his pockets filled with copies of these ludicrous proceedings as the best and hugest joke of the season! When the National Convention met, at Baltimore, and when the Pennsylvania delegates were brought to the test, they were soon found amongst his worst enemies, and easily succeeded in so effectually butchering him in 1848 as no man was ever butchered before. In doing this, however, they exhibited no anger, but quietly laid him aside, as the finale to the joke played off at Harrisburg, accompanying this performance by a melodious laugh to lull him to quiet and dreamy repose.

This may all have been very well so far as they were concerned, but it would not do for him. He was by no means disposed to sit down in repose, but at once proceeded, with that commendable perseverance admi

ration for which has been repeatedly expressed in this paper, to improve his chances for four years thereafter. He was again ready for the next campaign, with that proud determination so beautifully expressed by one of his admiring poets; for he, more fortunate in this respect than most modern great men, has, even during his life-time, had the pleasure of having his praises sung in immortal verse:

*"Pennsylvania will never yield
Until she's fairly beat;
It's James Buchanan's in the field,
And we're sure he'll take his seat."*

In this campaign, however, for which he was so determinately ready, there was additional work on hand—the knives had to be whetted by which the heads of his unjust enemies were to be cut off! He set about this work very industriously, and whilst his friends were louder than ever, his presses, in some of which he had, before this time, judiciously managed to have a pecuniary interest, vigorously denounced and reprobated his enemies. From the time of the election in 1848 to 1852, the campaign was open, and during this anxious and disturbed period of his life, he gave to the people, and especially to every young man determined to rise, the noblest example and the strongest possible illustration of what one persevering man can accomplish.

Now, those who had so long disturbed his repose through their persistent injustice towards him, by running counter to his great designs, rose still more determinately against him. They attempted the same game they had played in 1848, and as they had then put Dallas in the field, so they now brought Cass upon the course; but Mr. Buchanan had whetted his knives, and the rapid and cavalier manner in which he decapitated his opponents, was alike a surprise and a caution! He had, through a fortunate train of circumstances, been enabled to assume a proud and dictatorial position, and never did any Grand Turk use greater dispatch in lopping off the hand that was raised against him. The manner in which this was done was as novel as it was wise, and thus whilst its novelty pleased, its wisdom absolutely delighted—the mode of proceeding being simply by "*reading out of the Democratic fold*" those scaly fellows, or in other words equally expressive, "*landing them in the Whig Party!*" He had succeeded, an achievement the like of which the writer defies the world to produce, in making support of himself the grand test and touch-

stone of Democracy, and obtained the before unheard of position which enabled him to handle without gloves all who were not, in the dignified utterance of his own great genius, "*my friends!*"—The glory of this magnificent achievement belongs to himself alone, and furnishes the grandest result of that astonishing perseverance which enabled him to keep his "eye cocked" so long and so fixedly upon one worthy object. The circumstances of which his genius took advantage to obtain this proud position, will be found in greater detail as the reader proceeds.

It was about this time that Wm. Bigler, the humble raftsmen who has since won the yellow (the writer means golden,) opinions of the people, was before the Democracy for the office of Governor of Pennsylvania; and that great and good man, James Campbell, who, from an humble judge, has since immensely distinguished his name in the Cabinet of Gen. Pierce, for the position of Judge of the Supreme Court. Both these worthy patriots received a goodly share of popular favor as a reward for their efforts. Here was a magnificent opportunity manufactured to hand, and the sagacity of Mr. Buchanan was not long in seeing it. The writer here questions, nay, he is absolutely certain, that there was not then another man in the broad State of Pennsylvania, however desirous to serve the people in some honorable position, who would have seen, and been able to take advantage of this opportunity so generously presented. In this instance the far-sightedness of Mr. Buchanan appears so perfectly astounding, that we almost doubt that it was purely of human origin! "But," says the reader, "do not keep me in suspense by your prating, but tell me at once, wherein his sagacity consisted, lest I can no longer contain myself." The writer answers, by way of apology for himself, that he begs to be borne with when his enthusiastic admiration of the man carries him into laudations which, because they are eminently deserved, can not but be grateful to his hero; and further, that the reader must be very dull, a dullness which could not possibly have been brought on by a perusal of this interesting paper, or he would not ask for such information, but at once see the drift of what has been said. Mr. Buchanan's sagacity consisted in nothing more nor less than in foreseeing the policy of forming an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Messrs. Bigler and Campbell, candidates for Governor and the Chief Judiciary! He formed it, and its consummation was almost equivalent to a victory over that Democracy which had so long deprived him of what was his due—the nomina-

tion for the Presidency. It was certain that Bigler would carry the Reading Convention and be placed in nomination for Governor, and it was almost equally sure that Campbell would succeed at Harrisburg; and thus backed by the forces of these his worthy allies, Mr. Buchanan had little more to fear. His opponents, although in many counties possessing the party organizations, now found much of their labor in vain—their injustice was always headed off. If Mr. Buchanan could not drub them, as they deserved, upon their own battle ground, he had the power of transferring the theatre of war to Reading or to Harrisburg. If his opponents selected delegates not his own friends, he found no difficulty in tearing into fragments their organizations and triumph in spite of their efforts. All that was required was the selection of different delegates, and thus "double setts," which had been so very rare before, now became quite common. True, he was pursued to the very doors of these Conventions and denounced as a disorganizer of the party, but in this pursuit his pursuers only threw themselves into the jaws of the lion. When once in Reading or Harrisburg, with long faces claiming their seats in these Councils of the party, they were as good as defeated. "MY FRIENDS" were always the proper delegates—"MY FRIENDS" were always the genuine Democrats—and through that wise and far-sighted alliance, these words possessed an irresistible magic. "MY FRIENDS," as Mr. Buchanan well knew would be the case, for he judiciously made this the grand condition of that alliance, were kindly welcomed into these Conventions, and "my enemies" had their heads lopped off in the most graceful manner! The laugh, through the shrewd management and perseverance of Mr. Buchanan, was now on his side, and the result admirably exhibited that, though a great man may sometimes be outdone and laughed at, as was the case with him in 1848, he will be more than even with those who had placed him in such an uncomfortable plight in the end. This grand triumph of Mr. Buchanan was really delightful, and the calm looker-on enjoyed many a hearty and healthy laugh as he saw the rejected delegates returning home to their constituents with "fleas in their ears," and wrath upon their tongues. Those of Mr. Buchanan's own county, who had gone into the lion's jaws with the utmost confidence of success, presented a most amusing spectacle upon their return. They had gone upon the theatre of battle with a cart load of files of old newspapers and venerable documents to prove their organization from the time of old Adam

to the great deluge, and from the great deluge up to the greater Reading Convention, piling paper upon paper, document upon document, custom upon custom, usage upon usage, but all to no purpose. These magic words—"MY FRIENDS"—were too powerful for all their masterly efforts, and the vanquished delegates and documents were transported home together, the one cursing their ill luck, the other perhaps indignant that they should have been so unceremoniously disturbed to no purpose!

There was, however, another chance to win glory and renown in the approaching delegate elections to represent them in National Convention. They had now, wherever Mr. Buchanan could not control the popular will, been judiciously left without an organization—old customs and old rules had been supplanted by new ones which could bear the test of "*my friends!*" These had been endorsed by the Reading and Harrisburg Conventions, and by thus rendering the old organizations of the party worthless, this last chance of his enemies to cover themselves with glory was rather an up-hill business. Buchanan had, at last, after many years of the most commendable perseverance, through that glorious and shrewd alliance, obtained the lead of the Democracy, and now the whole thing depended upon the superior rapidity of the gait of the one or the other—he was ahead and did his best so to remain, and the Democracy "came poling after," doing its utmost to overtake him! He kept the lead, however, up to the time of holding the State Convention that was to select delegates to represent the Democracy of Pennsylvania in National Convention at Baltimore, in 1852. It was a grand, a magnificent chase—but keeping his "eye firmly cocked" upon the end in view, and deeming the prize worth "running for with all his might," his great perseverance "put him gloriously through!" After the smoke of the battle and the "dust kicked up" by this mighty race had subsided, it was discovered that he had carried the State. Not to be out-done this time, and fearing perhaps that too great faith even in friends is not always advisable, he judiciously instructed his delegates to vote for him from first to last, and thus they had the most delightful "time of it" that ever delegates representing any State of this grand Confederacy had the pleasure of enjoying. His bitter, malignant, and relentless enemies however, pursued him to the very doors of the Convention at Baltimore, and if they could not exercise a controlling power in that body, they had at least the glorious privilege of lobby membership! This privilege they used in such a manner that, though

we may heartily denounce their rascally injustice towards this great and good man, we cannot refrain from here giving them credit for some skill. They exhibited more upon this occasion than could have been expected, and certainly more than it was supposed they possessed. They absolutely saw the accomplishment of their wishes, and although Pennsylvania sent up its solid vote again and again for Mr. Buchanan, this, instead of rendering the Democracy of the State efficient in that mighty Council, seemed rather to give it the importance which a fifth wheel in a wagon is supposed to possess. He was destined to witness another illustration of the party's injustice towards him, for it again refused to take him upon its shoulders; and, as if becoming tired of his great perseverance, which it should rather have admired and rewarded, it finally hoisted upon its broad back the present Chief Executive, Franklin Pierce, who has since made for himself a name that gives fair promise of outliving even the annals of his country!

This last piece of relentless injustice, although Mr. Buchanan still kept his "eye cocked" upon the Presidency, was a very severe blow indeed! He should have reaped, upon this occasion, as he had been led to expect, the full fruition of his many past years of toil; and not doing so, we have the first indication that even he, great as was his perseverance in persistently pursuing a specific aim, could feel his efforts damped and his energy wounded by such repeated failures. He had endured more already than humanity has thus far been supposed capable of enduring, and up to this period of his life his enthusiasm never permitted him to indulge in unavailing regrets; but having firmly fixed upon this occasion for a complete triumph, a failure could not do otherwise than impart at least a momentary paralysis to his enterprising nature. This was indeed foreshadowed in a memento that here intrudes itself upon the mind of the writer, and which, for the better understanding of the reader and study of posterity, he dare not withhold. It is a document presented in the form of a letter, addressed to a lady in Washington in answer to her kind and Christian wishes, which was written during the hard campaign that terminated with the fatality above stated. The portion of this worthy document presented below is all that found its way into the public press—the loss of the remainder will be as much regretted by posterity as this precious portion will be valued. Lest it should lose any of its commendable qualities by being transcribed into this paper, the writer gives it as

it lies before him now, altering neither point nor letter, capital nor italic:

"I thank you MOST CORDIALLY for your kind wishes in MY BEHALF for the Presidency. Should the Democratic party elevate me to that most exalted station on earth, I shall endeavor to perform its duties honestly and successfully; if not, I TRUST I possess sufficient Christian philosophy to enable me to bear MY FATE with cheerful and contented resignation. In truth, so far as I am PERSONALLY concerned, I feel no anxious and ambitious longings for the prize; though, if it should come, GRATITUDE to the American people, will ever be engraved on my heart

"From your friend, very respectfully,

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

This beautiful epistle, which will ever be held in sacred remembrance for the meek philosophy and Christian spirit which it breathes, was written during that trying period when hopes made him sanguine and fears rendered him doubtful, and painfully indicated that the disappointment of his hopes would be followed by a loss of that energy and perseverance which have rendered his life so illustrious. O cruel, malignant fate! that couldst thus, by heaping injury after injury upon this great and venerable patriot, almost crush him! Unfortunately, as the reader already knows, his hopes were doomed to disappointment, and for a time it was absolutely feared that the sad consequences apparently foreshadowed in the foregoing epistle would really come to pass, and he would finally withdraw his vigilant eye from that object upon which it had for so long a time been so fixedly "cocked." This fear was still further increased by another paper that broke forth, after the Baltimore Convention had done its worst, as if from the depth of his despondency, to the great amazement of his friends, and the merriment of his enemies. The importance of this document eminently entitles it to a place in this paper, and it is therefore carefully set down here for the attentive perusal and study of the reader:—

WHEATLAND, near LANCASTER, June 8th, 1852.

"MY DEAR SIR: For the first time, I have had a FAIR TRIAL. MY OWN delegation was able, faithful, active and energetic; but they could not command success. This was not their fault. I am PERFECTLY SATISFIED with the result, belonging, as I do, to the school of OPTIMISTS.

"From your friend, very respectfully,

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

This disagreeable and gloomy cloud received still another addition to its ebony blackness, in the accompanying extract from a long letter from

his mighty pen, from which it will be seen that his evil fate had even urged him so far into this desponding humor that he was ready to say, with that old dotard given to us by the poet under the garb of King Lear,

" 'Tis our fast intent,
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths; "

and absolutely made him ask to be dismissed from the service:—

"I fear I shall not be able to accept your kind invitation to pay you a visit during the Presidential canvass. With the strongest disposition to cultivate the *personal acquaintance and friendship* of my brother Democrats of Bradford county, *I must yet leave the public discussion of the principles involved in the present contest to younger and abler Democrats.* I have, during so long a period, served in the character of speaking before the people, that I trust my Democratic fellow-citizens throughout the State, considering that I am now more than sixty years of age, *will give me an honorable discharge from the active duties of the campaign.*

"With sentiments of the highest respect, I remain your friend and fellow-citizen,

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

Were the period when these letters were written before the writer now, with no knowledge of what the future revealed, he could not refrain from permitting copious tears to dim his eyes and stain the clear white paper before him; but happily for all who admire true and genuine greatness, a more glorious spectacle was presented after the election of 1852. Mr. Buchanan has always been an "optimist," as he has repeatedly informed us, and this unworthy spirit of repining was pleasantly dispelled with the glorious result of the Presidential election! A happier day dawned for his friends, for, in spite of fate and in spite of more than sixty years upon his back, he chivalrously entered the campaign for 1856; and amid the great rejoicing of his friends, and the uproar that followed, all had to pause and admire afresh. What other man, however great, could thus have fought, and then, in his ripe old age, concluded to fight again, against such determined opposers as met him at every turn? What sublimer spectacle could possibly be conceived than this entrance upon a new campaign by this venerable and determined patriot? Bow, ye lazy aspirants after great prizes, bow low your heads filled with foolishness, in deep humility before this mighty genius, whose exploits and whose perseverance, when placed beside your own, tower so far above them that they seem to touch the very skies!

Fortune in the end, after repeated trials, will favor such men. He had scarcely once more placed himself fairly and squarely in the field, when something came ready to his hand—a more glorious opportunity than any that had ever been presented to him before. A cloud rose up in the sky, foreshadowing a difficulty with England—that splendid and powerful nation which, above all others, we have so often flattered, and so constantly and cordially hated. Here was a chance indeed, and he accordingly, full of new hopes, started off to allay and disperse this dark spectre, carefully and perspicuously announcing that nothing but the public security could cause him so terribly to disturb his personal comfort. That his mission would soon be accomplished, there was then no doubt, on account of his great ability, when he could again return into the warm bosoms of his friends, who were entrusted with the care and keeping of his prospects during his absence.

It would be needless here minutely to particularize how gloriously this special mission was accomplished. The writer has more especially to do with that grand perseverance that caused this great patriot to cross the wide ocean for England; that enabled him, when there, still to keep his "eye cocked" upon his grand aim; and that impelled him to return, just in time to show to the Democracy about to assemble in the late Cincinnati Convention, how immensely great and popular he was! The politic manner in which he had averted the apprehended collision that was the *gist* of his special mission, enabled him to return in the same steamer that brought us the pleasing intelligence of England's determination to annihilate our upstart Republic! Well did he merit the reception he received from his friends, and as he came especially to secure his reward, out upon him who will not now, after such a judicious accomplishment of his mission, give to him the consideration he merits.

Coming once more upon his native shores, after his sagacious administration of our affairs abroad and covered with new and great achievements, he found a spectacle that must have delighted his eye, and made him proud of his own indefatigable perseverance. He still found existing the old Democracy that had so long treated him with monstrous injustice, but during his absence it had felt many shocks and encountered many trials! In these, luckily, he had had no lot nor part, and if they had destroyed the prospects of a number of aspirants who might have stood in his way, they only increased his own. He found that Democracy called upon to enter the campaign once more, and saw it most singularly destitute of a suitable standard-bearer! Those who might have answered admirably a few years previous, through the events that had transpired during his absence, had been rendered unavailable for the times; and were therefore certain of being set aside; but to waste no more words, when at last the Convention met at Cincinnati, he had the glorious satisfaction of beholding himself hoisted upon its shoulders—thus finally seeing accomplished the object for which he had fought so many years.

All hail to this glorious tribute to his enterprise! Let the whole country present one grand tornado of enthusiasm in honor of this grand result of perseverance and unremitted toil!

Now, the few paragraphs that the writer proposes to add to what he has already sketched, must be precisely as convincing as they shall prove logical and true. In all the adventures of great men, nothing can be found to equal what has been set down in this paper—therefore no greater man could ever heretofore have manifested his genius and displayed his tact in the same sphere of action. If we chose to look back many years into the past and behold this marvellous hero enter the field for the Presidency, we shall also see that entrance adorned by devices and expedients which must have had their origin with a genius the depth of which is indeed unfathomable—therefore the possessor of that genius appeals to our good judgment, and demands our sublime consideration. When we see him "cock his eye"—and better still, keep it "cocked"—we are called upon to admire; and when we see him fight year after year, until he absolutely desponds for a season, we may begin to doubt his pertinacity, but when we suddenly behold him triumphing over that despondency and walking boldly up to the fight again, we should be brutishly unreasonable should we withhold our opinions, whatever they may be.

In conclusion, then, this great man, through his untiring energy, has at last placed himself before the people in a manner that gives them an opportunity to bear testimony in a tangible way to the appreciation in which his great deeds are held. It is true, in this position he must of necessity encounter a new opposing force. His former enemies, who had so often prevented his nomination, were found in the ranks of the same party to which he himself professed to belong; but with his present opponents the case is quite different. In fighting this contest, new tactics will have to be adopted and greater dispatch used, for it is unlike the battles he has been accustomed to fight against the Democracy, and a single failure will be his political death. How necessary, then, that he, as well on account of his many deserts, as the hazzardous position he is in, should receive the most distinguished consideration his fellow-citizens are capable of extending towards him! He demands that consideration of right and justice, not only that his prospects of success may be increased, but likewise that his death, should he be destined to meet with so disastrous and deplorable a catastrophe, may be rendered less bitter by some consoling reflections and smothered by the knowledge of having many sympathizing friends.

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